

9-2-1883

Letter from Sarah Whitney, to Anne Whitney, 1883 September 2

Sarah Whitney

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season of Mrs B's freedom from a
chill. Yesterday & the day before
were bad days & we were all blue.
Inwardly as she was yellow outwardly.
She & Carrie talked with the Dr
yesterday, & the result was a fresh
confirmation of their faith in his
ability to do the best thing possible for
her recovery. Edw'd found like confir-
mation in a call upon Mr Flint when
he heard the story of Mr Wallace's extreme
prostration with Malaria & recovery under
Dr Ahlborn's administration of Quinine
which has been followed by some
more terrible condition, the effect of the
medicine. Mrs B. being demanded
to stop food & an upstairs life
seems really better to day than when
she went to the bath with us last
week. I trust we have all learned
something from this second relapse
& shall not be so liable to a third.

On this morning of Sept 2, 1883 that
old, be so lovely if one of the "local
rains (of which the weather bureau is
not strong) had fallen upon us, instead
of the light of stars, my thoughts go
harmward & halt at the "Tabernacle";
where I take it, are the dear friends
who for so many years have doubled
each others joys, & halved perhaps each
others woes by loving sympathy. I am more
glad than I can tell you that I have been
upon that Mount of Vision ^{in Shelburne} & can therefore
see you with my minds eye so plainly to day.
This is not an unpleasant prospect that I
& look out upon while Mother prolongs
her morning nap, & Edw'd, Carrie & Julia
indulge in a dusty drive that has no
attractions for their grumpy sister. I
have given our poor invalid a cup
of hot cocoa in the faintest of hopes
that it may help to avert the dreaded

